GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

POST CARD

PLACE STAMP HERE

Legend
of the
Spanish Moss
Rough, old meanie that he was,
From Spain came Don Gorez Goz.
As he cast a wary eye about
A pretty lass espied this lout.
He bought her—this Indian maid—
For a cake of soap, a yard of braid.
The grieving beauty fled with cause
For tarnished braid indeed it was.
Gorez pursued both hard and fast
Until she climbed a tree at last.
As Gorez followed her he leered.
How those branches caught his beard!
The beard remains, but Gorez has gone
And still the tale goes on and on.
What an ominous warning it should be
To see Spanish Moss hang from a tree.
A cake of soap and a yard of braid
May be enough to win some maid.
Look, though, swain, and make thou sure
The braid is clean, untarnished—pure!
—P. M. L.
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